WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT IT?

VIEWS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

[THE WASHINGTON HERALD will give space in its Monday issue each week to the views of its readers on subjects of general interest. Communications must bear the names of the writers and should not exceed 300 words in length. The publication of such matter does not necessarily imply that the opinions expressed are shared by this paper.]

In Behalf of the Salespeople.

Editor The Washington Herald:

Through the columns of your paper I hope to bring to the attention of an intelligent public one particular class of the overworked of our city. The class in question is composed of the employes of the department stores, who are required to be on their feet ten hours five days in each week, and almost if not quite fourteen hours on Saturday. And why these long hours? Simply this: We, the purchasing public, who finish our week's work on Saturday at from 1 to 4 o'clock, like to go home, refresh ourselves, have a good dinner, take a stroll to the park concerts, and then, about 8:30 or 9 o'clock, file through the stores to make our purchases, which could be done just as well prior to 6 o'clock, seemingly utterly regardless of the fact that the people who are serving us have already put in almost two days' work.

It is not the merchants who encourage or want this state of affairs to exist. The fact of the matter is that custom, and a very selfish custom at that, has made it the practice. It is the people, who, through utter lack of thought or regard for the comfort of their fellowbeings, persist and continue in the practice of Saturday night shopping.

How would the people in the service of the government relish the idea of having even one hour added to their day's work? Why, they would put up a strenuous kick and claim they were being shamefully overworked, and still these very people insist on the stores keeping open that they may do their shopping just when convenient to them.

The ten-hour day is not so bad, for with July and August all establishments of any size adopt the 5 o'clock closing; but Saturday remains the same. It is not human, to say the least, to have these people in a hot, electric-lighted building for fourteen consecutive hours simply because we don't feel like going, or sending, for some little thing we need for Sunday until a late hour Saturday night, after all of our own comforts have been attended to. It is our humane and Christian duty to "do unto others as we would they should do unto us." Let us make practical the Golden Rule by making up our minds to do no buying later than 6 o'clock on Saturday. Such a very small sacrifice for each one, but such a relief for thousands of overworked salespeople in our city!

I would like to have the expression of others on this subject. I sincerely hope that the public will take this matter up and that the result hoped for may be speedily attained. I for one pledge myself to buy nothing after 6 p. m.

THOS. H. MELTON.

19 T street northwest, Washington, D. C.

The Enlisted Man and the Uniform.

Editor The Washington Herald:

Having been at one time a wearer of the uniform, an enlisted man in the army, serving my country in the Cuban and Philippine campaigns, I thank you for your frankness, as set forth in your editorial in last Wednesday's Herald, entitled "Enlistments in the Army." I honestly concur in every word you say, and feel that every enlisted man and former soldier of both the regular and volunteer branches who may read the article—and I would suggest that they all read it—will agree that you voice the sentiments of the soldiers, their families, and all patriotic Americans.

There can be found no better class of men in the United States than the enlisted men in the army and navy, and as they are part of the great mass of American citizens, free men, they should be considered as such in social as well as other circles.

Without the men in uniform from 1861-65, we would have no "land of the free and home of the brave," and, again, without the men in uniform in 1898, we would not to-day be recognized by the powers of the earth as the great world power among the nations. The uniform of the enlisted man, like Old Glory, should at all times and by all citizens be accorded the highest respect, and any person desecrating either, by insult or otherwise, should be dealt with accordingly.

WILLIAM A. HICKEY.

1306 V street northwest, Washington, D. C.

The Clay Barbecue, 1842.

Editor The Washington Herald:

Being a native of the so-called "dark and bloody ground," whenever I read an article about Kentucky, especially if it purports to be historical, but is not, I cannot refrain from criticising it. In your issue of the 31st ultimo Mr. Frederic J. Haskin writes of the State of Kentucky. In the main his sketches, so far as I am able to state, are passably correct, but when he says—

> At Lexington one can still see the trenches where 1,000 sheep and 500 hogs were barbecued for the great Clay rally in 1844, which was attended by more than 50,000 loyal Whigs, many of them coming on horseback for 300 miles to be present—

I am astounded, not so much at the greatly exaggerated figures as the fact that at Lexington in 1844 there was no barbecue at all. Had he fixed it in the year 1842 it might have been excused as a "lapsus pennae." But as it stands, he will pardon me if I compare it to Aesop's fables and some of Munchausen's best stories. Moreover, we rarely ever, if at all, barbecue hogs, but pigs and shoats are choice animals. Neither do we barbecue sheep as designated. They must be lambs and wethers specially fitted for the table.

It was in the leafy month of June that there was held a barbecue, called the Clay festival, the grandest, most generous, and most notable ever given in honor of any man. Henry Clay, the most patriotic, the most magnetic and electrifying man of his time, was again just looming up for the Presidency. It was on the 9th day, 1842. I write from memory, because I was there and was so impressed that not only the date, but all the material facts and incidents, including the opening remarks of Mr. Clay, were indelibly fixed upon my memory. The location selected was Maxwell's Spring, an ideal spot, where the umbrageous sugar tree prevails, covering lightly a soft and fluffy carpet of blue grass. A few days previous to the time set, and while the preliminaries were being arranged—digging trenches, collecting animals, and other necessaries contributed by farmers and others round about—it got out and soon spread, like such things will, that Mr. Berryman, one of the original importers of Durham cattle, had given a heifer that cost him $1,100.

The time for the speaking having arrived all was hushed. "Be quiet! Be still!" could be heard throughout the great throng. In a moment not a whisper, not a sound save the rustle of the leaves, caused by the gentle breeze. Even the little birds seemed to take in the situation and suspended their carol, uttering only now and then a subdued chirp. All eyes were eagerly fixed upon the stand, anxious to get the first glimpse of their idol, and to hear his every word. And the horses were on their best behavior—never a neigh. They were, many of them, thoroughbreds, attached to carriages that would compare favorably with any of the present day. Many ladies and gentlemen, attended by their liveried coachman and servants, remained seated in their vehicles.

Mr. Clay, although sixty-five years of age, was never in better trim. His appearance was greeted by the most wholehearted and enthusiastic applause. After adjusting his far-seeing spectacles and looked all round at his audience, it seemed, to a hundred yards in every direction, he, in his commonplace and bonhomie style, said:

> I know all you people didn't come here to hear me speak to-day. I know what you come for. (He was not particular about his grammar.) You come to get a taste of my friend Berryman's $1,100 heifer—that's what you come for.

The rest was lost—no stenographer.

W. LEE WHITE.

Washington, D. C.

A Plea for the Zoo Bears.

Editor The Washington Herald:

In a visit to the animals of the Zoo one of these hot days I noted the evident distress of the bears especially. The lions, tigers, camels, and buffalo had yards in which they could move about at times under the open sky, but the bears, at least most of them, are confined in iron cages perpetually. True, they have bathing tanks, but no opportunity to move about, except in the limited circles of their cages.

One magnificent grizzly, Latinized "horrid," so impressed his long agony of years in such confinement upon me that I am impelled to ask your attention to the matter of immediate relief by the building of yards for these prisoners. Theodore Parker admired and loved bears. His pet name for his wife was "Bearsie," and everywhere about his study were pictures of these, his favorite wild animals. Now, Mr. Parker was a man of strong intellect, as well as conscience, and his admiration was based not upon fancy merely, but on acquaintance. Something in the bear compelled his homage, or he would not have given it.

I noted the perpetual restless motion of this grand old monarch of the wildwood, and heard his suppressed moans of torment. His toes were bare to the bone for several inches. As he moved incessantly, the rattle of the bones of his fingers on the hard floor of his cage fell on my ears in notes too pitiful to describe. A long confinement there, for some thirteen years never touching the earth, his native element, all to gratify the curiosity of visiting people! To have shot him dead at once would not have been a tithe of the cruelty of such close and inhuman confinement. Think what it means to suffer so much as to shrivel and shrink away the flesh from the bones of the feet and hands. Acute mental distress does sharpen the fingers to a sensitiveness which is the very quick of mortal agony in man; but what of the soul-suffering of a mute in a cage so long and so deep as that endured by this great bear?

I do most earnestly beg those in authority over such grand helplessness, imprisoned for our pleasure (?), to mitigate the suffering soon by giving those bears the freedom of a yard and daily opportunity to move about within it.

Every bear in those cages looked wretched, and to "beautify" Washington, in my mind, needs to relieve its distress first of all things. My husband, J. L. Dudley, said: "In the next world horses will be on the box and man pulling the loads as the sure compensation for inhumanity."

MARION V. CHURCHILL DUDLEY.

Washington, D. C.

To Prevent Wrecks.

Editor The Washington Herald:

I notice in a recent issue of your paper the following:

> Some of these days there ought to be a revolution in railroad equipment, but the outlook is that the public will continue to pay its good money without redress.

It seems strange that such a statement should be printed at the seat of the government, which is able to effect the necessary revolution spoken of. The cause of a very large number of railroad wrecks is that the wheels are fixed rigidly to the axle on locomotives and cars. As both the wheels on each axle are supposed to be of the same diameter, they will, of course, travel in a straight line. When they come to a curve the natural consequence is that the wheels on the outside run against the outside rail of the curve, and in many cases climb up on the rails. Then there is an accident. Such accidents could be prevented if the railroads would adopt, in the place of the old-fashioned axles and wheels, which have been used since the first railroads were opened, wheels loose upon an axle, which, in turn, is also left free to revolve in the axle boxes. The adoption of such an appliance would not only be a safeguard to human life, but would save the railroads themselves millions of dollars. Many reports of trains being wrecked by train wreckers, broken rails, &c., are only to distract public attention from the positive cause which I have outlined. The press should keep the public fully informed in the premises, and if the railroads will not act of their own volition, the government should compel them to do so.

I am the inventor and patentee of an arrangement of wheels and axles of the kind referred to above, which I will be glad to describe or demonstrate to anyone interested. On every other kind of vehicle except railroad cars and locomotives the wheels are loose and free—even on the fastest automobiles, which are now running at a greater speed than any railroad, and which can turn freely on very sharp curves without accident, which would occur if the wheels were fast on the axles.

THOMAS E. LAMBERT.

Butte, Mont.

Frequent Elections and Succession.

Editor The Washington Herald:

The nature of a government has an important influence in forming the character of a people. A country circumstanced as ours, with its restless activity, constantly increasing in wealth, gaining in respect among nations, abounding with all that is progressive in business endeavor, the enterprise of the age, and social life, may so take up the attention of the people that they may neglect the claims of government upon them as citizens, and thus endanger the life and permanence of our institutions. The great plan of the past was to divide the duties of government among as many citizens as possible, as a matter of prudence and safety. Abandoning the precepts of our fathers, to-day our country is menaced by another theory, of government by a few, and longer periods of holding office without intervening elections.

It is admitted that elections educate the people and are worth more as educators than all they cost; yet prominent public men are found advocating a longer term for President and favoring ineligibility for re-election. The extension of the Presidential term is in the direction of a hereditary or life service magistrate, and when commenced will not stop until fully accomplished. Ineligibility in this connection implies distrust, and may operate as a restraint on the will of the people, and, if adopted, will prevent their approval of faithful and efficient Executive. Our Constitution is for the guidance of a free people. It permits them to select a public officer as many consecutive times as their experience seems to indicate best for the public welfare. Any limitation of this right would infringe upon individual sovereignty, and not comport with its principles. This freedom of action is expedient, wise, and proper. It prescribes no limit and can do no harm, as it depends wholly on the public will. Nations, like individuals, must assert and not abjure their rights, if they would retain their freedom.

Our constantly increasing native-born population, and the cultivated, as well as illiterate, coming from other countries, make, on educational grounds, the necessity of frequent elections that they may learn from practical demonstration our political system. They must be educated in the principles of freedom by constant observation and active experience.

What the District of Columbia needs is representation in Congress, which makes its laws and directs its affairs, and participation in the electoral college; then the people resident at the American capital will stand equal nationally in political rights and privileges with the people of the entire nation.

APPLETON PRENTISS CLARK.

119 Sixth street northeast, Washington, D. C.

The Marine Band's Programmes.

Editor The Washington Herald:

In your issue of Sunday, June 16, there is a criticism of the programme given the preceding afternoon by the Marine Band in the White House grounds. Some exception is taken to the classical programme given by Lieut. Santelmann, and the question is asked why more numbers of lighter vein do not appear. It would seem to me that all those who are interested in music as an art in our city should be especially grateful to Lieut. Santelmann for keeping up a high standard and presenting what has a real value and is educational in music. The great composers have written from the heart, to uplift and to elevate, and in presenting such numbers often on a programme, the Marine Band is doing a great service and is keeping ideals high.

For the masses to listen often to such concerts will gradually help to create a distaste for what is superficial. "Ragtime" is rhythmical and often tuneful, and is dangerously attractive for these reasons, but it is flippant, frivolous, undignified. It is, indeed, the music of the street. The true art does not stand for such things. All honor, then, to the director who, in opposition to what most people want, gives them what they ought to have.

OTTO T. SIMON.

1729 P street northwest, Washington, D. C.

The Co-operative Guild.

Editor The Washington Herald:

The press of Washington has given generous notice to the co-operative movement recently started by government employes in this city. The movement is a most timely one. The prices of the necessaries of life are steadily advancing. To overcome this handicap, either salaries should be increased, or the same salaries must, somehow, be made to go farther. While waiting until Congress sees fit to raise departmental salaries, as it has already raised the salaries of its own members, the Departmental Co-operative Guild proposes to try the other method, by uniting to obtain the necessaries and comforts of life at a minimum cost.

The outlook for distributive co-operation in this city is encouraging:

1. Because government employes have the necessary leisure and intelligence to appreciate the advantages of the system and to assist in its management.

2. Because the system appeals to the brotherly motive as well as to the motive of self-interest.

3. Because the guild is being planned on lines of democracy and genuine co-operation. It will not be a joint stock company of the usual type, controlled by an inner clique, ring, or machine. Every member will be expected to take an active part in electing the officers and determining the policies of the guild. Active co-operation always generates enthusiasm and progress.

4. Because it is planned on lines of efficiency. All details of management will be left to a compact executive board, and every effort will be made to secure a competent business manager for the stores.

5. Because the system has succeeded elsewhere under similar conditions. The English civil service stores have built up a large business. Even greater success awaits the American civil service employes when they get a grip on the situation.

W. D. MACKENZIE.

31 T street northwest, Washington, D. C.

New Jersey Women.

Editor The Washington Herald:

"It is somewhat surprising to learn that the insect (the mosquito) there (in New Jersey) owes its fame chiefly to the circumstance that it is the female species alone which illustrates the stern strenuosity of the clan, she being thoroughly endowed with those athletic traits now known to mark Jersey femininity in every walk of life."—The Washington Herald, June 15.

New Jersey women, as a rule, are doing the best they can to fulfill their mission, and if they fail, fail honestly. If they make mistakes, they say their prayers at night, and their defects are sure to be mentioned somewhere between the "Our Father" and the "amen." God has put into the women of New Jersey the ability to keep out of the marshes and keep to the uplands. The women of New Jersey have the proper curve to the nostril, and in the eye and lip the signature of Divine approval.

The New Jersey women are generous to their friends and just to their enemies. The New Jersey women "looketh well to the ways of her household." They also know how to trample down selfishness and live with those who belong to them with something more than mere peace and resignation. New Jersey women know the real meaning of joy and gladness. They know that the greatest thing in life is love. New Jersey has the distinction of having and holding one of God's noblest living women—Frances Cleveland. All New Jersey women breathe their sweetest benediction on her. May her life be replete with peace and happiness.

Come back, after many years, in full astral body and see your grandsons raving over New Jersey women. New Jersey Abigails! strong and brave, giving birth to sons who were the first to the front to defend the flag. New Jersey—honors!

The New Jersey women keep their youth and strength because they are loving and big hearted. The New Jersey women remember the prayers that have been taught and handed down through generation after generation of noble ancestors. New Jersey women are filled with a pride and purpose; good, fresh, clean blood flows in their veins; hope and optimism are branded on their foreheads, love of God and humanity in their hearts. Go to New Jersey and you will find the "fields of God's planting." You will find women who know the meaning of fidelity and courage. Wander along the banks of the silvery Delaware and you will find the sweetest of flowers, the bluest of skies, and sweet smelling soil that will give width to your mind and strength to your body. Bathe your restless spirit in the freedom of the old New Jersey woods; grow a child again. Steep your soul in the perfume of the flowers, and drink from the sparkling brook to the New Jersey women, who are "not mollycoddles," but Abigails; who love this whole country and believe in it, but who are not going to be "hitched and not kick."

ALLIE SHARPE BALCH.

The Majestic, Washington, D. C.

What's the Answer?

Editor The Washington Herald:

Man is performing a function in the world. Our relation to the spiritual world is like our relation to the physical. Being inhabitants of these two worlds at the same time, anything that we do constitutes a humanism. People first got a geocentric idea. The earth to them had a flat surface, and it looks flat to us still. Why not live on with the old idea of a flat earth? What difference does it make to one's object in life? This much at least: If the idea of a flat earth serves the object in life as well as the idea of a round one, then error will suit as well as the truth. According to the rule, "By their fruits you shall know them," man's showing in the spiritual world ought to be like his earthly conduct. It is; denominations are Mediterranean seas in the spiritual world. No matter where man draws a circle he leaves infinitely more outside of it than he includes within its margin.

What has the genus homo done that we may know them by their fruits? Only one thing, from the first generation to the present one. There is only one idea about which the members of the genus homo have been unanimous and upon which they acted, namely, that the earth is round, and not flat, as was previously supposed. That is the greatest movement that the world has ever seen. It shows that man has the power to move. They will move again.

R. G. SOMERVILLE.

Washington, D. C.

A Few Words on Roosevelt.

Editor The Washington Herald:

So much has been said about President Roosevelt that I would like to give a few views which I hope may prove interesting, if not convincing.

Is there a man in America who would have the hardihood, or so little regard for the truth, as to call President Roosevelt a coward? Yet we hear it said that he cannot accept another term; that public sentiment would be against it. Did he waver and retreat at San Juan Hill because the Spaniards were shooting at him, or because they might have said he did not have his glasses on straight? No. And are we to suppose that he will desert us now in these days of the trust evil, that great octopus that is sapping the life-blood out of our country; that is warping the energies and destroying that freedom of action that we hold so dear? When the voice of despair cries, "Where may the wearied eye repose," let us look with perfect confidence upon his unblemished integrity, with the full assurance that he will not hearken to the clamor of these holders of "predatory wealth" who know that another term will mean ruin to their method of building up colossal fortunes of poor man's gold, and making princely endowments to institutions that will never be worth 10 cents to real objects of charity. They know that another term will give him an opportunity to prove that though God's mills "grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small." Yet on every side we hear complaints and criticisms.

Is that fair; Is that just? Did the countrymen of Solon and Pericles, Caesar and Charlemagne, imbitter their lives with threats and denunciations, to bury them with weeping and heroic honors? No! That has been left for the American people, and, strange to say, some of them seem to glory in the contemplation—a rather dubious distinction, is it not?

Shall we let this continue? Now that he is fairly launched on this task from which Hercules would shrink and Theseus recoil in terror, shall we not rise as a man and place him again in the President's chair, then give him our co-operation and our support in carrying out those measures that have made him illustrious and have been a blessing to 50,000,000 of American citizens?

Supposing that Mr. Bryan has these lofty ideals, these noble aspirations, and these grand policies. Does any one accuse him of having that indefatigable physical and mental endurance, that dominating influence, and that all-absorbing personality that so characterizes this strenuous hero of San Juan Hill? No. Mr. Roosevelt's intellectual greatness, his stern will, his ability to do and dare, combined with an eye single to the good of his people, stamps him undoubtedly as one of the greatest men in American history, and places him, like some great sun, pre-eminently alone—calm, luminous, and unappreciated.

W. S. LONG.

Brandy Station, Va.

Washington's Social Evil.

Editor The Washington Herald:

Scotland's famous poet has it:

> From scenes like these auld Scotia's grandeur springs
> That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.

Such a statement could never be said truly of the Capital City of this mighty republic. Listen: Seven hundred and fifty known prostitutes in the District of Columbia, and of all this fearful array it would seem that nearly one-half are under twenty-three years of age! How many of all these will ever be saved from the pit? This is a question that curdles our very blood, for the gate which these unhappy creatures pass through is a gate that seldom opens but one way. Recently two ministers of the gospel from another city made a tour of these houses of ill-fame and made public the announcement that, when to their respective homes they wended, they would carry away with them the knowledge of what well-regulated houses of ill-fame Washington kept. Creditable. Very creditable!

The usages of society trample down the erring woman and pass in tender mercy by the villain who ruins her. If I had my will, lynch law, so far as the gay seducer or libertine is concerned, would be the legal law, without parson or sheriff. A piece of rope, a good, stout tree, and two pairs of willing hands. All's well!

In to-day's press we read a lot of our revivals, our fine churches, and large assemblies, when at our very doors are many egregious poisoners of body and soul from whom our Christianity retreats in dismay and despair.

Over a thousand new cases of low diseases develop in the District of Columbia biennially. No wonder that the average duration of human life is but little more than half as long in this city as in London. Edinburgh compares mortality at 25 per cent less than Washington, Dublin at 38 per cent less, and Ottawa at 40 per cent less than this city of beauty, culture, and wealth. The average duration of the abandoned woman's life in the District of Columbia is just four years; a truth well worthy of being remembered.

But the most terrible rebuke to the professedly Christian and moral portion of the community is to be found in the fact that while we are building extravagant churches and residences, dressing and faring sumptuously, and heaping up worldly treasures, perhaps making an ostentatious display of our benevolence by public collections for the "Rev. Dr. So-and-So and the poor heathen," a large number of these public prostitutes, to say nothing of private mistresses (the latter no doubt in four figures) come from our very midst. No systematic effort is made to save them. My reader, whether you are of the stern set, or the gentle set whom we adore, honor, and respect, won't you do your little part in stamping out Washington's greatest curse, the social evil?

M. MACGREGOR CAMPBELL.

1712 Fifteenth street, Washington, D. C.

A Negro on Brownsville.

Editor The Washington Herald:

We find from the press and from certain would-be leaders that the colored people of the United States have lost confidence in the great Executive and the Secretary of War. I believe that it is my duty to state to the public that the majority of intelligent colored people of the country have the same confidence in the President as they had when he nominated Dr. Crum and stood by his nomination. He was acting then upon the recommendation of the citizens that Crum was worthy of the position. When he issued an order to muster out, dishonorably, the colored soldiers, he did it through the recommendation of those who had charge of those men. We will agree that it was a mistake to send out on the public 160 men branded as midnight murderers, but the President was misled by the information from the officers of the army. Such criticisms upon the Executive are dangerous. The confidence of the colored people of the country in the State governments has been shaken. To destroy that confidence now in the national government and cause them to believe that the great chief of the nation and the Secretary of War would discriminate against any citizens on account of their color, would cause the colored people soon to become a gang of highway robbers and midnight murderers.

Therefore, these self-constituted leaders who are criticising the President rougher than I would a chief of police, are not representing the intelligent colored people. It is true that we heartily indorse the efforts of the Committee on Military Affairs in their efforts to give to the country the facts with reference to these soldiers. If they are guilty of midnight murders, they ought to be today chained and in prison cells instead of wearing citizen's clothes.

The Committee on Military Affairs differs with the President on great subjects. A few years ago the President and the Secretary of War sent to the Committee on Military Affairs a favorable recommendation presented by the late Senator Hoar to appropriate $200,000 to build a home in honor of deceased colored soldiers out of money due to their estates, and $50,000 for the education of the colored youth in the Wilberforce University, of Ohio. The President sent these measures with his favorable recommendation, and that of the War Department, but the Committee on Military Affairs found itself too busy to consider them. I feel safe in saying that there are not two men in public life who would do the colored people a favor or would give more time to consider measures in which they were interested than the President and Secretary of War.

REV. JAMES L. WHITE.

2535½ 15th street northwest, Washington, D. C.

Figures as to War Prisoners.

Editor The Washington Herald:

Since writing my communication regarding the number of Federal and Confederate prisoners, which you published in your issue of last Monday, I have seen the report of Surgeon General Barnes for 1867, at the library of the War Department. But as this report is very brief and obviously limited to a statement of the financial condition and needs of the medical department for the fiscal year 1866-67, one would not expect to find any historical statement or allusion to the point in question. There is, however, the one following item of interest in connection with the work of the office in its then new quarters, the old Army Medical Museum, on Tenth street northwest:

> The alphabetical register of the dead (as far as completed) contains the names of 244,747 white soldiers, 29,736 colored soldiers, and 30,204 rebel prisoners.

As this is some 4,000 above the number claimed by the South (and the register still incomplete), it may be put in apposition with another item of information contributed in the report of the Secretary of War (page 435), but emanating from the quartermaster's department, as follows:

> The official report of the commissary general of prisoners, as quoted in the Petersburg Index, gives the whole number of rebel prisoners of war who died in Northern prisons as 26,436. (Signed) J. J. Dana, Col. Q. M. Dept.

JOHN SAVARY.

1008 Twenty-fourth street northwest, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Bryan and the Tariff.

Editor The Washington Herald:

A number of the dailies of the country are greatly exercised because of the alleged failure of Col. Bryan to emphasize the tariff issue. Some are fearful lest the result be the defeat in 1908 of that same Democratic party which they have constantly and consistently opposed during most of the last decade and more. Touching generosity, to be sure!

But does Mr. Bryan belittle the question of tariff revision? In the course of his address at Norfolk on May 30 (Patrick Henry Day) on the subject, "No taxation without representation," he said:

> Now, when I say that our protective tariff is a system by which taxes are farmed out, I am aware that I may find some critics; but when our high tariff laws are made they are made by the men who want taxation, not by the man who pays the taxes.
>
> When I asked for a place on the Ways and Means Committee, or, rather, asked an Eastern Democrat to recommend me, he said: "There is no chance." I had a letter of introduction to him from a friend of his; he was pleased to receive the letter, and told me he would be glad to do anything he could for me, and so I told him I wanted a place on that committee. He said: "That is impossible." I asked why. He said: "We put men from the manufacturing States on that committee." I said, "What about the consumers?" He said, "We don't put them on that committee." When the protectionists are in power they make up the committee from the men who represent the tax eater and not the taxpayer; and these men make the laws in their own interests, and the manufacturers collect from the people not only as much as goes into the Treasury, but sometimes ten times as much as goes into the Treasury. * * * That is not only farming out the taxes, but it is paying a large commission for the collection of the taxes.
>
> And so we are farming out the taxes when we charter a corporation which is not regulated by competition. There are only two ways of regulating corporations—one is by law and the other is by competition, and when competition is not possible the people are taxed without representation and without mercy unless there is efficient regulation.

And here in Washington he recently said to a representative of the Associated Press:

> I did not, and would not, say that the tariff is not so important as the other two issues (the trusts and the railroads). All are important, and I would not attempt to fix their relative positions. They all involve the same principle, and that is whether the interests of the many shall be subordinated to the interests of the few.

The trouble lies with Mr. Bryan's critics. Always on the lookout for cause of criticism in the great Commoner, certain papers, in reporting his public utterances, emphasize whatever they find objectionable, while neglecting or ignoring his other remarks. Bryan, while realizing the importance of the tariff question at this juncture in our affairs and publicly expressing himself accordingly, refuses to lend himself to the purposes of those who would distract the attention of the public from other grave and pressing problems by shouting "tariff" to the exclusion of everything else. Hence the criticism of those who have always antagonized Mr. Bryan in his war on the evils of special privilege in all its forms.

LLOYD T. EVERETT.

311 Colorado Building, Washington, D. C.

A Tribute to the Late Dr. Gilbert.

Editor The Washington Herald:

The demise of Dr. Charles B. Gilbert removes from a large field of usefulness a conscientious and self-sacrificing physician, who will be sincerely mourned by all who knew him best.

Dr. Gilbert was a pupil of Dr. Constantine Hering, of Philadelphia, and a member of the family of that eminent physician, for several years. Dr. Hering was justly celebrated as the father of homeopathy in America. It is my deliberate opinion that Dr. Gilbert had no enemies. His nature and disposition were so kindly and conciliatory that these traits disarmed all ill-feeling which might have been engendered by his sturdy and uncompromising defense of the cause of pure homeopathy, of which he was a conspicuous champion.

His health was never very robust, and he was at one time an inmate of the National Homeopathic Hospital for a number of months. He aided in promoting the interests of that institution, and as a member of its medical staff, assisted in placing it upon a successful working basis. His place in the ranks of the profession will be vacant for a long time, before a worthy successor will be found.

C. W. SONNENSCHMIDT, M. D.

The Thomas, Washington, D. C.

Canine Nuisances.

Editor The Washington Herald:

Hood says: "Evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart." Isn't it so in most cases when householders keep nervous terriers, with a chronic habit of sending their piercing cries insistently and perseveringly through the open windows of the scores of surrounding houses? Can it be that it never occurs to these owners that there must be within the reach of that continuous, nerve-nagging sound wakeful, ill, and suffering persons tormented to exasperation? The terrier is, of all animals, most easily roused to the barking point, and seeming most to enjoy the exercise. The footfall of every passer, the call of every distant dog, the velvet tread of any cat—even the tiptoe step of a thoughtful cockroach, or "the sigh the silence heaves"—will excite him to the duty of alarming the neighborhood.

The requirements of the law are such as to discourage legal proceedings, and so a whole vicinity may suffer in silence for "a dog's age." It is a wonder the law of self-preservation doesn't oftener provoke reprisals and prompt the quick quietus of strychnine.

J. P. MORSE.

Washington, D. C.

School System of the District.

Editor The Washington Herald:

Through the courtesy of Commissioner Macfarland and Superintendent Stuart, I visited, last year, ten of the city public schools and received a happy welcome from principals, teachers, and scholars. Washington has bright boys and girls, and if their teachers were only given time and opportunity, what a change would take place! But at present the great number of studies and classes shuts out the hope of true learning, and gives us a flimsy smattering of words, words, mere words, and hardly a coloring of ideas.

Pull down Rollin's Ancient History and read his remarks upon Assyrian, Chaldean, Greek, and Roman education. The scholars were taught ideas of virtue, the power of wisdom, and what constituted a state. Do our teachers have one hour in the public schools to do this? Do the parents often visit the schools and take part in the hearing of recitations, and observe the advancement of their children? Who now asks questions at the close of each reading exercise as in the days of the past? Where is the boy who steps out onto the platform and every two weeks shows how well he can "speak his piece" taken from the best authors? And do the girls write compositions, and in their seats listen to the reading of the same by chosen ones before the whole school? If the parents have no interest in the scholars and the teachers, who then will blame them for their indifference?

How happy I was when my mother and others took their places on the back seats and listened to my efforts when going up the ladder of study! Where is the mother in Washington who now gladdens the heart of her boy or girl in the schoolroom? At home I was obliged to read and spell daily, and the great events of the times were all reviewed. Do the scholars now talk over the mighty movements of the nations at their meals? The funny paper is the weekly theme. Our whole system is false and injurious, and should be at once changed.

DAVID S. COPELAND,

224 G street northwest, Washington, D. C.

Tea Smoking Centuries Old.

From the Minneapolis Journal.

"With your tea cigarettes," said the antiquary sternly, "you young ladies think yourselves very mdern and decadent. But look here."

He took from a portfolio a French print of the seventeenth century that portrayed two men, with cumbrous silver pipes, charging the same from a box of China tea.

"This shows you," the old man said, "the antiquity of tea smoking. It was a common thing in France 200 years ago. Blegnt mentions it, and Grand d'Aussay, in his 'Histoire de la Vie Privee des Francais' describes it in detail.

"'An old vice, a dead vice—for the French found that tea smoking racked the nerves; how very, very foolish you girls are to have revived it.'"